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Translated by

Sean m. Brinkman &amp;

Patrick Sanchez

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# Man Moving Me

*Donna Atkins Gilbert*

He was rowing across an ocean of blues  
He'd looked out over. Four years times a million  
Tiny nuances of wisdom from the sand  
And storms, extant.

As he stretched forward with the oars then  
reached, pulled,  
Pulled with a man's strength, I saw his spine  
bowed like  
The humpback or blue whale's, then his scapula  
Protruding, his

Ribs rising beneath the skin as fins emerge  
From just beneath the surface, elegant, awe  
Inspiring. Our bodies are so beautiful  
When they're moving.

I couldn't bear to look away or to watch him  
Struggling across the rocks, his thick flank  
Accidentally exposed as it flexed  
With strain. And his

Quadriceps would be suddenly visible  
With their valleys cut by island fare: crab and  
Coconut and rainwater. Inwardly I  
Celebrated

His sturdy body, the startling blue solid  
Water, the aphrodisiac firmament.  
And, this earth! This earth on which we walk!  
Men and  
Their able, dense

Bodies that ripple, steadfast and surviving!  
Oh! Body, ocean, sky and fire, elegant  
Movement in the mist of sinewy torso, wild  
Hair: bleached, feral,

Matted like animal – I want to remove  
All things ugly from my life, go home to my  
Island forest, bordered by aqua and absence  
Of time. I want

To be cast away and secretly watch him  
From the climax of my palm tree, as he moves,  
Sinews and flexes across clean, bare beach, as  
He burns beneath

The sun, as his masculine skin in this vast  
Magnificent wilderness assembles me.



## Finding Out the Hard Way (That I'm No Wizard)

*Alisha Rosenthal*

"Follow the yellow brick road," they told me.  
Just like Dorothy?  
You know the one that encircles the red brick.  
Knowing where the yellow brick led (since I had seen  
the movie and all) I was curious  
To know where that red brick went.  
So, I followed it.

At first, it was your average road—flat, uneventful,  
lined with munchkins dressed as  
Flowers commanding me to go on.

But I'm thinking—  
I've not met any scarecrows  
Or tin people or cowardly lions  
(although I have come across a couple of witches).

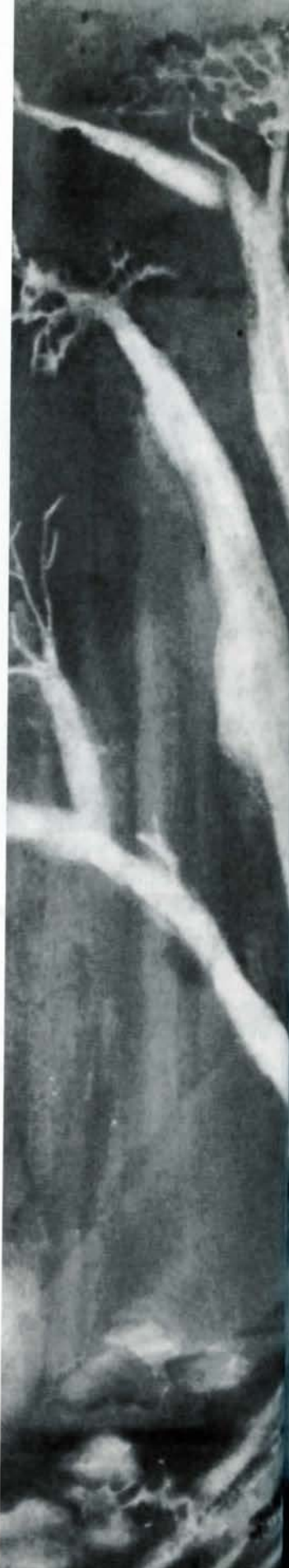
No, my road  
Has no Emerald City,  
No witch's castle,  
No wizard to grant my wishes.

So, I wonder,  
how did Dorothy know which road to take?

Well, my guess is she could see the whole set.  
I could only see what the camera could fit in each angle.  
She could see that the red brick ended at the gate of Munchkin Land.

And God Bless her, she got out  
And found where she belongs.

Me?  
Well, I'm just waiting on a house to fall on me  
so that someone may take these big shoes off  
of my tired feet.





## **First Kiss**

*Jayne Creelman*

soft place for two  
wintery woods  
cut by an earth walk;  
hushed in cold  
breath stops  
lips touch  
a tongue moves  
another responds;  
water settles  
in the basin of her being  
and the mountains  
breathe again.







## She Makes Margaritas

*Lilly Penhall*

She makes bad ass  
margaritas  
and I know where we're going;  
That's the basis of our  
friendship.  
To try and make it any deeper  
Would be redundant.  
Sure, if she were in jail  
I would bail her out,  
But only because she  
would make  
a bad ass Margarita when  
We got home.  
And if I were dying,  
She'd try to save me  
Because otherwise she'd  
get lost.

She's Dean Moriarty and  
I'm Sal Paradise,  
Because Dean probably made  
the best margaritas  
but Sal knew where they  
were going.  
She is likely to leave me  
wounded in Mexico  
if something better was up  
the road  
and I think I would  
try to seduce her boy at  
least once  
but Dean would always  
come back  
and Sal would have a car  
so Dean would make a  
couple of

bad ass margaritas  
and Sal would grab his map  
and they'd be on the  
road again.

That's just how it is:  
she makes bad ass margaritas  
and I know where we're  
going.  
That's why we're friends.  
Pulled from the pages of  
The greatest literary works  
(if she were Huck, I'd be Jim)  
our friendship lasts  
simply because  
she makes bad ass margaritas  
and I know where we're going.

# Death Wishes

*Donna Atkins Gilbert*

I'm riveted, too; yet I recoil from racecar driving  
Just as I do from bullfighting – from what I call *fuzzy*

*Muddling of the real issue*; death wishes always are.  
You can't solve this so just push the limits, push the

Envelope, accept a cement wall into your chest, a  
Nascar crashing against the cradle that is your skull, enjoy

A gore through liver and kidneys; don't you know? This is called  
*Living*. Living big. Or car chases: big men pumped up ready to use their

Billy clubs. The law comes down on you if you're criminal,  
Or innocently in the road behind one. *Living*.

I'll just say it: Or telling any lie, or never eating  
Anything other than lettuce leaves coupled with

Lonely running at ten, two, and four: contain this.  
It's the least you can do; the slightest most you can squeeze into

Who you are. Who are you, again? Speak up, because  
Engine noise and applause for the matador is drowning you out,

Obscuring your voice. I swear, that big bad bull is  
Delusion; that cement wall neither dignity nor courage.

Bathroom scales lie like the lover  
with whom you thought you fell in love,  
For whom you risked everything; you thought  
you could be in charge

Because bullfighting is cruel to animals, because racing is for egotists:  
Just starve, live big, control this.

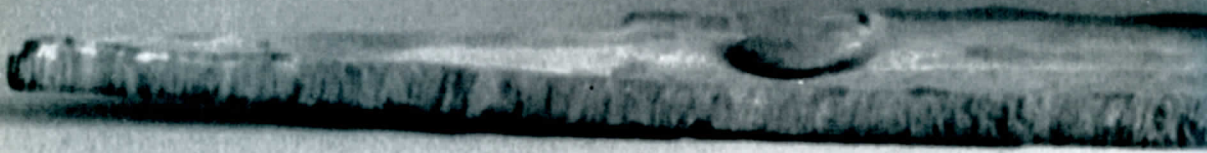



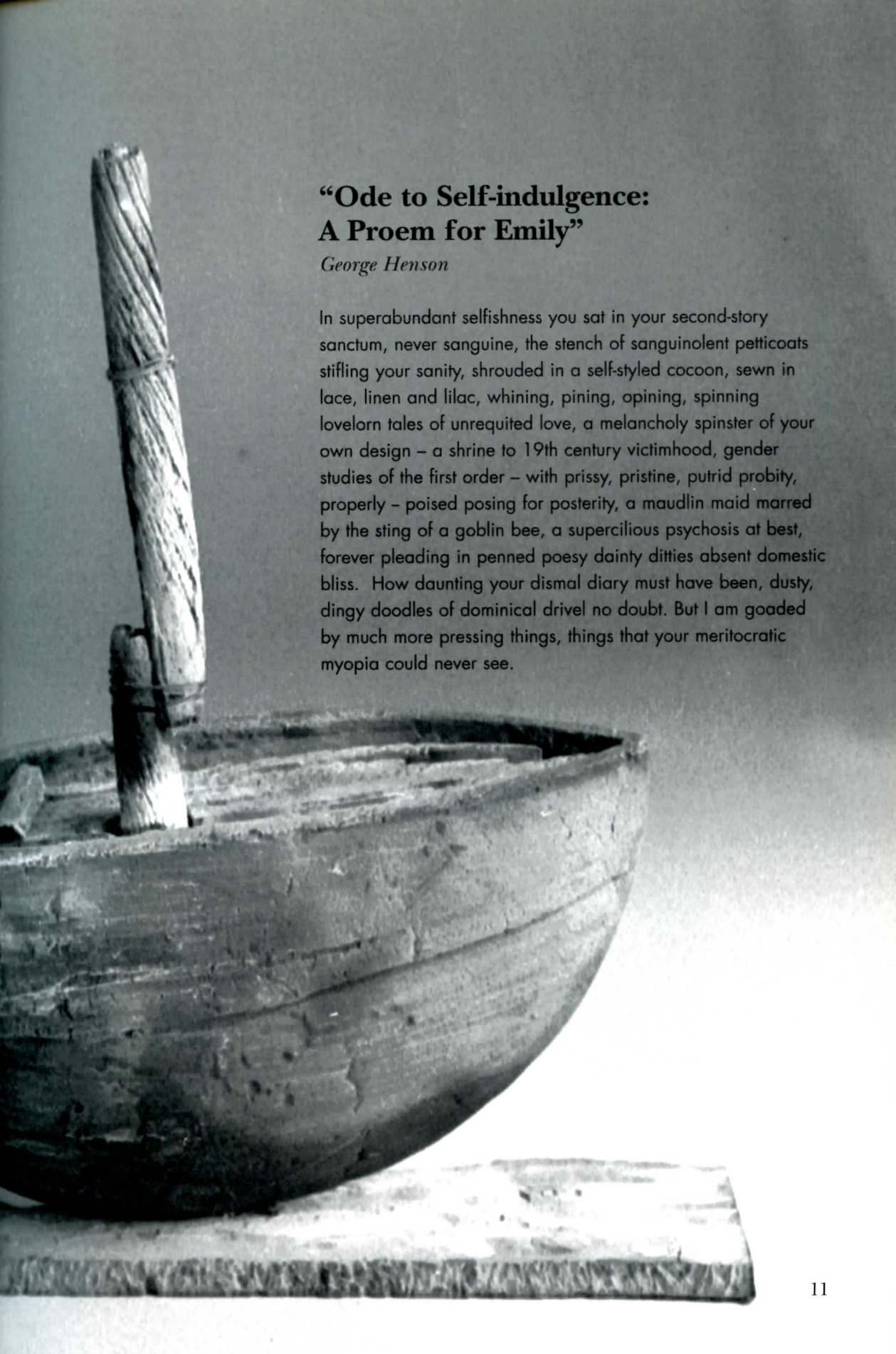


## WORDS

*S. J. Day*

I don't have the words.  
I wrestle silently, internally,  
As you sit remote in hand, images successively flashing  
Upon the box that is your god,  
Formulating a means to elicit my thoughts.  
The mangled letters fall into rank  
And present themselves to you  
An explanation of my sadness.  
But as they travel from mind to mouth,  
From mouth to ear  
(Is it me or the pizza bargains deluging  
The void black that envelops us?)  
Transformation.  
Illegitimate comprehension fires the pistol  
Of your race. You jump from the starting gate  
And run headlong, a thoroughbred.  
Consumed with the quest, the dissemination of my fears,  
You charge toward the finish  
(Faster than the glowing advertisement  
Spews forth its accolades)  
And claim your prize: disenchanted me.  
No sooner won than forgotten,  
A trophy on your shelf  
Dusted off with provocation of desire.  
Commercial over, your god consumes you  
And I sit transfixed on my nail bitten hands.  
I'm aching to rectify your erroneous achievement  
But I don't have the words.





## **“Ode to Self-indulgence: A Proem for Emily”**

*George Henson*

In superabundant selfishness you sat in your second-story sanctum, never sanguine, the stench of sanguinolent petticoats stifling your sanity, shrouded in a self-styled cocoon, sewn in lace, linen and lilac, whining, pining, opining, spinning lovelorn tales of unrequited love, a melancholy spinster of your own design – a shrine to 19th century victimhood, gender studies of the first order – with prissy, pristine, putrid probity, properly – poised posing for posterity, a maudlin maid marred by the sting of a goblin bee, a supercilious psychosis at best, forever pleading in penned poesy dainty ditties absent domestic bliss. How daunting your dismal diary must have been, dusty, dingy doodles of dominical drivel no doubt. But I am goaded by much more pressing things, things that your meritocratic myopia could never see.







## Watch Her Fall

*Donna Atkins Gilbert*

Listen to her fall like a million dying butterflies  
Roosting finally in the swelling puddles of  
the yard,  
Lying down fitfully in sheets of sweet  
quivering wings  
Death-dancing on the surface then gracefully  
ceding life.

Look at her fall like a trillion tiny quarter notes  
Trinkling in unforgiving air outside open  
windows through which we  
Gaze, waiting for the other's voice to soften,  
waiting for  
The rain to stop.

I know I'm confusing my sensory perceptions  
that inform  
Metaphor; rain changes me that way, makes  
me listen when  
I should be watching, makes me watch when  
I should be  
Listening to the precise pitch of your sighs, so  
I could guess

When you'd be leaving.  
I could linger watching butterflies softly singing  
in the storm  
Hearing their fragile wings flapping helplessly  
when they land  
Upon the surface of the freshly fallen water.

## Swimming Poetess

*Lilly Penhall*

bathing in you  
drowning in you  
life obliterated in you  
only to coagulate  
into a goddess model  
with you as my god  
worship at your naked temple  
collecting pennies for your fountain  
reciting Maithuna over your crippling  
one dozen short-stemmed black dead roses  
resuscitate your soul if only for evaporation  
under imitation skylight  
clouded luminescence heavenward  
beyond our capabilities

daily you make dolphins swim  
refreshed in the perspiration  
of 6 thousand, 9 hundred and 1 days of  
celibacy  
over 165,648 hours survived in  
abstinence  
now releasing into a single bead of  
emanation

then you silhouette beneath moonbeams  
silently creating  
mass world destruction  
my ecdysiast sleeping in the master's  
personal chasm  
sporadically interrupted  
at the hand of graceful clamor  
originating in your genius  
incoherently collapsing again  
into an apparition of bliss  
later waking to a reality of Elysium

A dramatic black and white photograph of a stormy sea. In the foreground, a stone wall or breakwater runs diagonally across the frame. The sea is turbulent, with white foam from breaking waves visible. The sky is filled with heavy, dark clouds, and a bright light source, possibly the sun or moon, is partially obscured by the clouds in the upper center. The overall mood is somber and powerful.

## The American Dream

*Garet Feimster*

Is the American Dream a myth?  
Two kids, a dog, and a house,  
With a white picket fence.  
Two cars and whatever else you can fit.  
That path your mom and dad spoke of,  
Where anything and everything is possible.  
Just takes hard work and dedication,  
The drive to push you through it all.  
Did you ever stop and think?  
Maybe it all was a line of bull,  
Fairy tales to sugar coat the road ahead of you.  
Cushion the fall that lies in front of you.

Maybe the truth lacks hope,  
Maybe it hurts.  
The people you're going to step on,  
The lies you will tell,  
The backstabbing of it all.  
Would you want to tell a child the truth?  
Maybe they're better off not knowing,  
And maybe I'm better off not saying.



## Look Up

*Pasco Rowe*

Up above my worries,  
hangs  
A peaceful morning  
sky of blue  
Where the wind softly  
caresses my face,  
And the sun gently  
warms my skin.

Gently my thoughts  
turn to laughter  
Towards the shackles  
that filled my head  
with rain  
As they vanish with  
borrowed victory  
To a world full of  
the same.

When the day prepares  
to end its shift,  
Renewed mood must  
maintain its light.  
For twinkling starlit  
skies smile,  
When brilliant orange  
dawn turns to night.





## Drowning Duck

*S.J. Day*

Midnight approaches and the road goes before me slicing  
The dense pea soup haze and the patter of rain.  
Palms embracing the sleek vinyl wheel, I breathe  
Consuming the fragrant remnant of fries and cinnamon  
Embedded in the pitch-black air.  
The verbose chatter spewing from my radio is quelled.  
By one touch, all is quiet and there is peace,  
And yet,

I am that feathered, flat-billed friend  
Balanced atop still waters, the picture of tranquility  
All the while paddling, beneath the surface, for life.  
I flail, grasping for a foothold but I have tread too far:  
The shore is a memory, no turning back  
Driving home augments my labor,  
Ill-disposed to tread risky waters,  
Yet I must go  
Where guilt, denial weigh upon me,  
Bring me closer to demise.  
It is there I rendezvous  
With you, my anchored, cattail chameleon.  
You lure with trust, but once close  
Camouflage is stripped, truth revealed  
And, spider-like, you are far from inviting.  
Truth is a web wound tight  
With infidelity and sugar saccharine self-reproach.  
I become entangled, gasp for breath,  
As you spin your silk to bind me near.  
Though I escape, you seduce with sincerity  
To lure me back for another round.  
It has become our daily dance,  
And as I reach my destination,  
I fear my strength will soon fade  
And consumed by your lies, I will go down.

## Developing Icons

*S. J. Day*

Alone in the darkroom, nimble hands painstakingly unwinding  
What once was just another cover, now my tribute,  
I find the one frame as it falls off the reel.  
How could I have known?  
Light metered, I had pressed the shutter, capturing  
Their final pose, this Double Fantasy,  
Before dashing home in the cold, holiday air.  
If they could have guessed their limited time  
Would my creation be the same?  
Would he have lingered, hurrying less,  
Reveling more in the touch of his completion?  
Perhaps she would have seized the moment  
To once again feel his flesh caress a naked form.  
As he wrapped his lean arm around her head,  
Pressing his mouth in sweet embrace to her cheek,  
Would she have returned the pleasure  
In one last stopping of time as lips met lips?  
Instead, they posed according to plan,  
And we parted, each to our separate ways.  
And I, barely one bite into dinner  
Listened in horror to my speakers proclaim  
His death.  
How could any of us have known  
Their return home would meet with ...  
Mark made his mark.  
Now I trust none but my own fingers to deliver  
This temperamental image to print.  
It is *Stone's* salute and bid farewell,  
A preface to a new era with the turn of a New Year;  
An era  
A year  
A forevermore  
Without him.  
I could never have known how that night would end.  
But if I could, I would have asked for more money.









# Dodge City

*Donald Barbee*

little dust little weed  
the Elevated grain and  
the little tree Wyatt  
earp West and  
fourteenth  
the bush fingers of  
long concrete

apostles mostly rustlers  
all twelve in your pocket  
for the bigger glass  
to swaddle their  
bellies, their buckles  
manhood at half-mast

so the dust turns to  
mud in midnight  
so they trek their way  
down  
each with their Pharaoh,  
fleeing from the banks  
but it's just the dirty,  
dirty Arkansas  
and the sun will be up  
in six hours  
and another whore in  
slow gallop towards  
Tulsa



# Country Music

*Suzie Andrews*

The first time I heard Hank Williams sing "*Your Cheatin' Heart*" was in the cab of an 18-wheeler hauling pickles to Dallas. The only destination I had was anywhere but Kansas, so Dallas seemed just fine with me. That's what I told the blue-eyed trucker with coffee-breath sitting on the stool next to me at the truck stop in Emporia. He raised an eyebrow, tried to suck in his gut, and told me he had a vacant seat all the way to Big D. I didn't believe for a minute that all he had on his mind was hauling pickles.

"Name's Roger. You got one?"

My big mouth gets me in trouble just as often as it saves my ass, and not knowing which applied here, I took a chance on either outcome, stared right into those denim-blue eyes and said, "No, three."

"Well, slap me naked and hide my clothes! Ain't you the comedian?"

He unrolled a pack of Camels from the sleeve of his

Willie Nelson T-shirt, let go with one of those piercing whistles that I could never master, gestured to a couple of guys who looked like they had three teeth between them and said, "Scooter, Charlie, come on over here. This little lady's going to put on a show right here, just for us."

The one with the tub of lard lapped over his belt started thrusting his hips and rolling his eyes, anticipating a whole other kind of show. Can't say as I blame him; no one ever told me I was hard to look at, and I was at a truck stop at midnight in the middle of god-nowhere Kansas.

Roger swiveled his stool around to face me, pulled another Camel out of his sleeve and grinned like he'd just found out his best friend was sleeping with his worst enemy's wife and telling anybody about it just wasn't important. I got the message. 'The growing was in the knowing,' my mama used to say.

"You win. Jeevie Rae Peek."

"Well, that's one, or should I say three, that I ain't never heard before—except maybe for the Rae. Was your mama drunk when she named you?" "Don't know the answer to that one. She said she named me Jeevie on account of all the puking she did while she was pregnant - the 'heebie-jeevies' she called it. Bet you ain't never met anyone named after vomit!" I usually saved that one for later, but I figured that would shut him up. I wasn't in a great mood for acting tough or acting at all, even though I was pretty good at it when I could see the purpose in it. I just wasn't sure I wanted to get into it with this guy, considering the circumstances, but I thought that maybe I ought to be a little nicer if I wanted him to haul me out of Kansas. I wasn't scared of him and I knew I could hold my own if it came to that. So, I guess I was surprised when he started cackling like Granny's old guinea hen and plum fell off the stool. This guy



knew how to get a rise out of me and I wasn't sure I liked that, Maybe I ought to tell him everything. That would spin him around for sure. I gave it a little more thought and decided to study him a little more before I laid it all out, if I did at all. Anyway he was honest - that's more than most folks had going for them. What the hell! I was laughing, too, and those blue eyes just kept looking at me. I've always been a little partial to blue eyes.

"I'm sorry, girl. Ain't laughing at you, I'm laughing with you! You made that up didn't you? I swear to God you really are a comedian. Jeevie's a cute name either way." He broke down again and got me going, too.

"Yeah, just luck I guess." I wasn't putting on laughing; he had a way. Riding to Dallas with him might be okay. It didn't matter anyway.

"Hungry?" Roger asked as he looked at the naked girl clock on the wall. I could imagine him saying something stupid

like, well, time to go, it's half past a tit, but he didn't.

I told him I wasn't hungry, even though I was a little. I just wanted to get on the road. He started talking about how there wasn't anything fit to eat at a truck stop, but most of them had good coffee. "Well, if you're serious about getting to Dallas, and don't mind Camel smoke, I'm heading out in about ten minutes."

He paid his coffee tab and left a five for the waitress. I didn't know if he was trying to impress me with his generosity or if he felt obliged since we had warmed the stools for a while and hadn't bought anything but coffee.

I bought a hard pack of Marlboro and spied the blue neon restroom sign. I thought I could make it across the room without my ankle giving out, but I wasn't sure. I didn't want him to see me limp and ask any questions, so I waited until he said he was going to get rid of the coffee and then check something on his rig. He'd meet me outside the front door. That sounded

just right to me. I figured I could fake it for a few steps, especially if I could hold on to his arm. I twirled my hair around my index finger and thought maybe I'd just gotten lucky.

When I woke up we were in Oklahoma and a raspy-voiced singer was philosophizing about an angel flying too close to the ground. I'd never listened to country music much before but it was growing on me. Roger was singing along. He knew all the words. The angel song ended and another one about a cheating heart started. He knew the words to that one, too.

"You like country music?" Roger asked as he turned up the volume.

"I never spent much time listening to it, so I can't say, but it's not too bad." I guess country music had been sort of like the wind coming off the lake on Michigan Avenue - it was always there so after a while you just didn't pay any attention to it and even if you did, it didn't make no difference anyhow. Everybody in Kentucky listened to

country music, but Mama thought I was too good for that hillbilly stuff and said jazz was real music. Of course, she said that after we moved to Brotherton, when we couldn't stay in Chicago anymore.

"If you want to know about real life, just listen to country music. Hank Williams. That song there - *"Your Cheatin' Heart"* - now - that's about real life. It's why I like Hank so much. His songs were about his life, not made up to make things sound better than they really were."

I lit a Marlboro and thought that maybe that was the problem - if I had been listening to country music all my life I would have known what to expect and wouldn't have been disappointed. I wondered why Mama never thought of that; I wished I'd eaten at the truck stop. Roger must have heard my stomach growling because he offered me Twinkie. He said he didn't even know how it got in his sack because he wouldn't touch it, but I was welcome to it. I wanted fried chicken but I wolfed down the cupcake.

My legs were getting tired from sitting so I stretched them out on the dashboard. I wondered how truckers took all that boring sitting still in one place and thought that maybe this whole deal was for Roger's benefit - all he wanted was someone to talk to while he made his haul. That's when I heard the siren. Surely they wouldn't be looking for me. I wasn't in Kansas and who would know that I was in a truck? Just to make sure I curled up in a ball and headed for the floorboard. Roger rubbed his chin stubble and said he guessed it was about time I told him what I was running from. The siren was long gone so I thought I could come up with a good one. The country music would help, Roger changed the radio station to a call-in talk show that he said he never missed and I reached in my purse for my tube of Menacing Mauve lipstick. I wondered if it made Roger nervous seeing me reach for something in my purse. Some guy on the radio was complaining about women

with breast implants and how they were nice to look at and all but touching them was something else. He thought women ought to wear a warning bracelet to let men know they were fake. Roger said that if women lied about their breasts - and that was what they were doing - what else would they lie about? They ought to go ahead and just outlaw those things because the next thing you know they could be one of those female impersonators and there ought to be a law against that. Yeah, I hear you there, I was thinking.

I wondered how anybody's life could get so screwed up. Mama should have taken her own advice and never had anything to do with a man who was prettier than she was or wore more jewelry than she did. But I guess it wasn't 'til afterward that she came up with that. And probably even then she didn't know the whole story.

A bug splattered on the windshield and I thought I would run it all past Roger.









# THE MATRIX OF WOMEN

Lorraine Whetten

Joseph Campbell explores the role of women in a man's life through literature's viewpoint in his book, *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*. During the hero's journey, man's female tantalizes, inspires, and travels with him, or she despises, rejects, and hinders him on his journey. Each female also has a destiny, but her destiny depends upon the male and his journey, for she must travel with the hero to experience her destiny. Campbell describes four phases in the matrix of a woman's destiny. The matrix is the mold that forms the woman's experiences. The male and female share a fate: the hero has a journey, and the female has a destiny. Her destiny is an evolution through the matrix of experiences: 1) the morning star (or the virgin), 2) the evening star (or the harlot), 3) the consort, and 4) the hag (Campbell 303). In *Young Frankenstein*, the women of Joseph Campbell's matrix exist simultaneously

as each female travels from the position of a bright, young virgin towards a seemingly disappointing end. At the journey's end, the hero is God; his first love is now the hag.

At each complicated phase of the female's destiny, she exhibits other elements of her matrix. Each element of her experience spins in a whirlpool within the matrix circle. Man desires the morning star, the virgin. As he courts and wins the female's sexual favors, she rises as the evening star. She continues her twirl through the matrix as she transforms into the harlot. While the harlot journeys through the darkest hours with her hero, she becomes his consort. At the journey's end, the hero's sunrays overshadow his consort's glow (Campbell 303).

The first phase of the morning star in *Young Frankenstein* appears as little blonde Helga. She materializes after the monster awakens and leaves his home. This virgin is at her youngest stage, but the

matrix of young Helga also includes the seductress and the consort. In her first scene, she appears as the monster's victim; however, her innocence is seductive. Humorously, Helga tames the monster with a young love's innocent version of "He loves me, he loves me not." The little girl sways the monster to join her childish games. Though more innocent than the other women in the movie, Helga tames the monster's bestiality. She subdues him without sex, for which she is too young. As part of the matrix, Helga already shows her darker side, the hag, when she commands the monster to play teeter-totter with her. She tells the monster, "Sit down." He protests and she commands, "I said, 'Sit down!'" The monster sits. Helga is too young for the role of harlot. She is not ready to travel with the hero. By a trick of fate, the monster throws young Helga back to her bed of innocence.

The fiancée of young Dr. Frankenstein, beautiful Elizabeth, represents the



second phase of the morning star. She is a teenage, PMS version of the virgin who resists the matrix's summon to become an evening star. As young Dr. Frankenstein's first love, she is also the darker side of the virgin. She holds her hero at the brink of ecstasy and madness. With her mask of coiffeur, makeup, manicure, and garb, she keeps the hero at bay. This morning star is preened and trussed but not ready to join her mate. Elizabeth is the true virgin in *Young Frankenstein*, but her refusals to join the hero on his journey give her a wicked, hag-like presence. Her Bewitching hesitation frustrates and hinders the hero.

Though beautiful Elizabeth would not submit to young Dr. Frankenstein, she becomes the monster's harlot. He is the seductress's equal match, and he thrusts Elizabeth further into the matrix. Finally, Elizabeth spins into her new role of consort when she accepts the monster's bedding. Now, as the groomed bride of the monster Frankenstein,

Elizabeth is a young version of the hag. Strangely, her true nature in the matrix spin is that of the consort, having moved through the roles of morning star and evening star.

Elizabeth's dark nature contrasts with Inga's apparent virginal qualities. Inga characterizes the last phase of the morning star. She invites the hero into her realm with a sweet smile. While Elizabeth had been, in the beginning, the genuine virgin, Inga's appearance of virginity actually hides the seductress who wears a mask of innocence while playing the role of harlot. Her seduction tempts the young doctor into betraying his fiancée. As young Dr. Frankenstein's assistant, Inga is also his consort, the companion who journeys with her hero. As the morning star, she is the hero's inspiration and joy; as the seductress, she offers him rest and sexual nourishment. In her role as his consort, she sweetly prods the young hero onward. Inga, in her phase

of the morning star, encompasses three stages of the matrix: virgin, harlot, and consort. She is the most desirable female in the movie's matrix of women, never becoming, as Campbell's would view, the hag.

*Young Frankenstein* shows the old hag's sultry side. Once a young, glowing virgin, she now retains only memories of what she once shared with her hero. Frau Bleuker is the "Hag of Hell" to young men, but a grandmotherly image to Dr. Frankenstein (Campbell 303). The hag smokes cigars – an indication of her now dominant role. In the male role, she is a fearsome creature. The two ancient lovers, Frau Bleuker and Baron Von Frankenstein now share the same physical appearance – a bag of skin and bones. Sadly, Baron Von Frankenstein is dead, while his once young virgin now looks nearly dead. Frau Blucher's sexuality briefly emerges under Baron Von Frankenstein's portrait when we spy on her, and



see her passionately kissing his image. The image of the harlot remains with a beauty mark on the hag's chin, but now the beauty mark looks more like a wart. Young men fear her. Heroes must get closer to the end of their journey before they can appreciate her. The true hero does not fear the "old wart."

The hag's worthiness of man's adulation is gone, but her position in the female matrix is now complete. She has a place in the matrix with an honor different from the virgin, seductress, or consort. Her purpose is to lead the young hero and his harlot to their destiny. Frau Blucher, as the matriarch, glues one generation to the next. Her music leads young

Dr. Frankenstein and his consort to Baron Von Frankenstein's library and laboratory where the young hero can complete his journey. As Campbell suggests, the hag's experiences change her and give her wisdom. When the hero reaches his godlike position and shines as bright as the sun, his brightness hides the female's value. The hero's consort, once the glowing virgin, is now the hag (Campbell 302-7).

The old woman has circled all four aspects of the female: the virgin, the harlot, the consort, and the hag. She is the complete evolution in the matrix. Ironically, now she is also the least desirable to the hero. However, young Dr. Frankenstein, the

grandson, accepts the hag's cosmic value and follows her guidance. Although Frau Blucher is the hag of American culture, the author illustrates that in eastern influence, she is the total embodiment of the cosmic female (Campbell 303). Joseph Campbell's cryptic message shows that each woman possesses a unique value in the matrix. She cannot reach her destiny without the hero, and the young man cannot reach the end of his heroic journey without the matrix of women.

#### Works Cited

- Campbell, Joseph. *The Hero With A Thousand Faces*. New York: MJF. 1949.
- Wilder, Gene and Mel Brooks. *Young Frankenstein*. Dir. Mel Brooks. Perf. Gene Wilder and Peter Boyle. 1974.
- Videocassette. 20th Century Fox. 1999.

# *Light of the Moon*

*Lillie Vermillion*

*Moonlight*

*Bluish white*

*Softly rustles Stirring*

*the strings of my soul Silently*

*casts its Heavenly glow across a*

*Lovely brow turned upward To catch*

*a glimpse of beauty Round and elegant*

*The light filters down gently Resting upon the*

*muted greens of whispering leaves Glittering*

*on the glowing waves of glass Reflecting*

*its beauty in the mirror of earth's heart*

*Casting soft shadows Of gray blue*

*onto the Carpet of flowers Music*

*floats Swaying the heart*

*In the breeze of the*

*Moonlight*





## Castles and Spaceships

*Galen Hoffert*

I cut her snowflakes in the winter  
and bright hearts at touch of spring,  
show her how to make a paper crane,  
pretend to be a falcon-  
my arms are now my wings.

I draw for her the castles and the spaceships,  
pretend to be a cowboy on the range;  
she'll beg and plea 'til I agree  
and show her how to spell her name.

## Speech, golden Sunday, and old man listening

*Donald Barbee*

rain'wind, lip'skin, voice'sins the blue light is  
radiating again  
call a passenger  
prepare the robes  
for the breaking bleed and burning breathe  
in the magic concrete  
they will close your eyes where you will drink  
disguise let fingertip electrodes glide and signify  
that they have registered proof of flight  
and smile  
their word will floating above lasting be in  
forever winter pleased  
like a woman ... counting numbers

## I Swear The Sandman Works Overtime

*Lillie Vermillion*

I swear the sandman works overtime,  
Trust me, its true.  
Or perhaps he gives me extra doses  
Of his 'oh-so-potent' stew.  
I think he enjoys each morning  
Seeing me struggle to rise,  
Because he follows me to class  
To laugh at the sleep in my eyes.  
His whispers in my ear are so persuasive  
And hard to ignore!  
But I think he's in cahoots with my teacher  
And paid him to be a bore.  
If I ever catch him  
Sprinkling more than he ought,  
I'll pry my eyes open and confront him  
On the spot.

# Grandma Came To Live With Us

*Lillie Vermillion*

Grandma had two strokes.  
First one happened before Papaw & Bryce died.  
Second one happened in the retirement home.  
She can't live there anymore.  
She can't say the right words.  
She repeats all her stories.

She repeats stories again and again  
She repeats stories again and  
She repeats stories again  
She repeats stories  
She repeats  
And she repeats.

Grandma had two strokes.  
First one left her with the mind of a child.  
Second one left her arm paralyzed.  
She walks with a limp.  
She cries for no reason.  
She grinds her teeth.

She grinds her teeth over and over  
She grinds her teeth over and  
She grinds her teeth over  
She grinds her teeth  
She grinds  
And she grinds.

Grandma had two strokes.  
First one was easier to deal with.

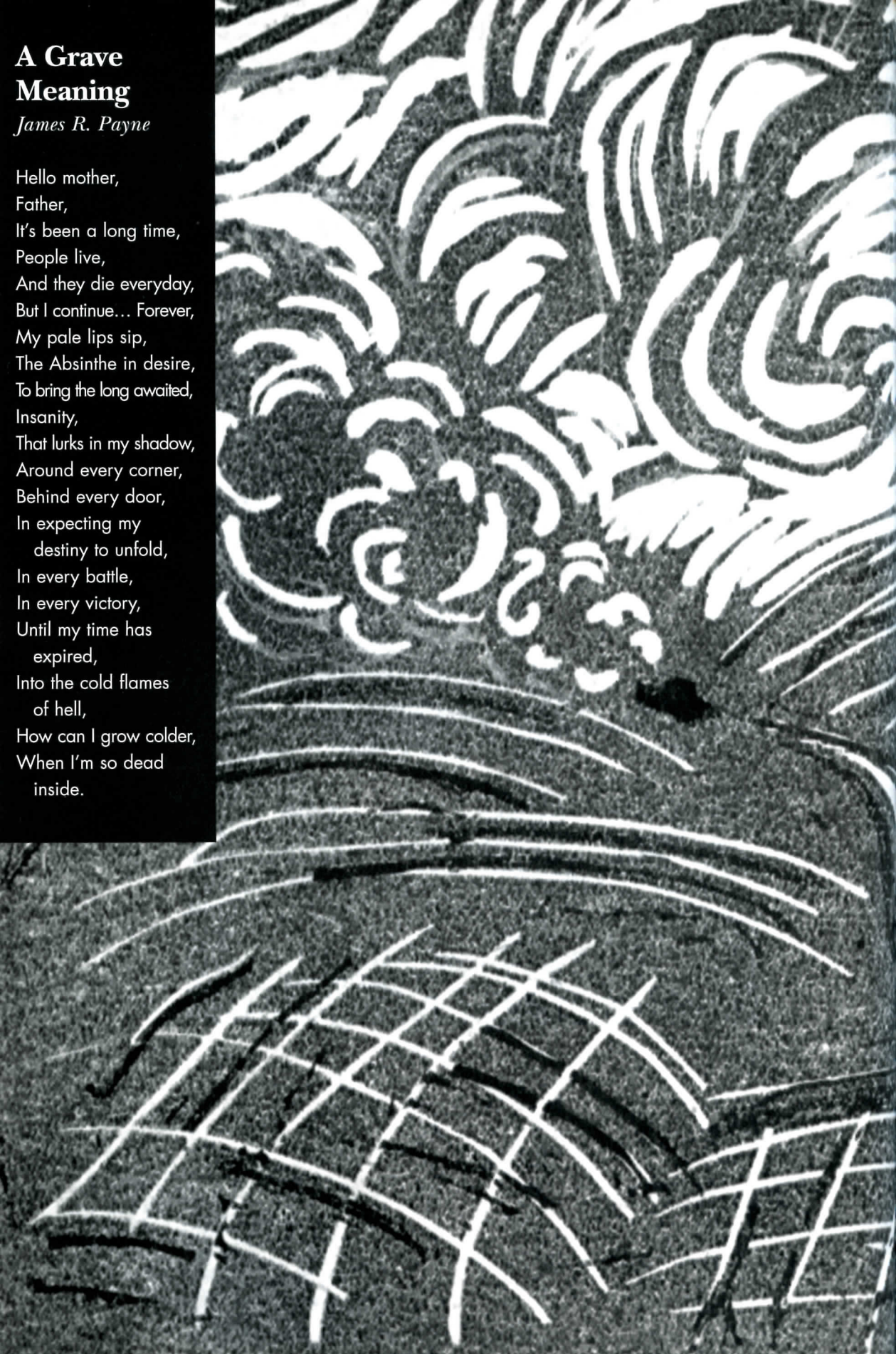




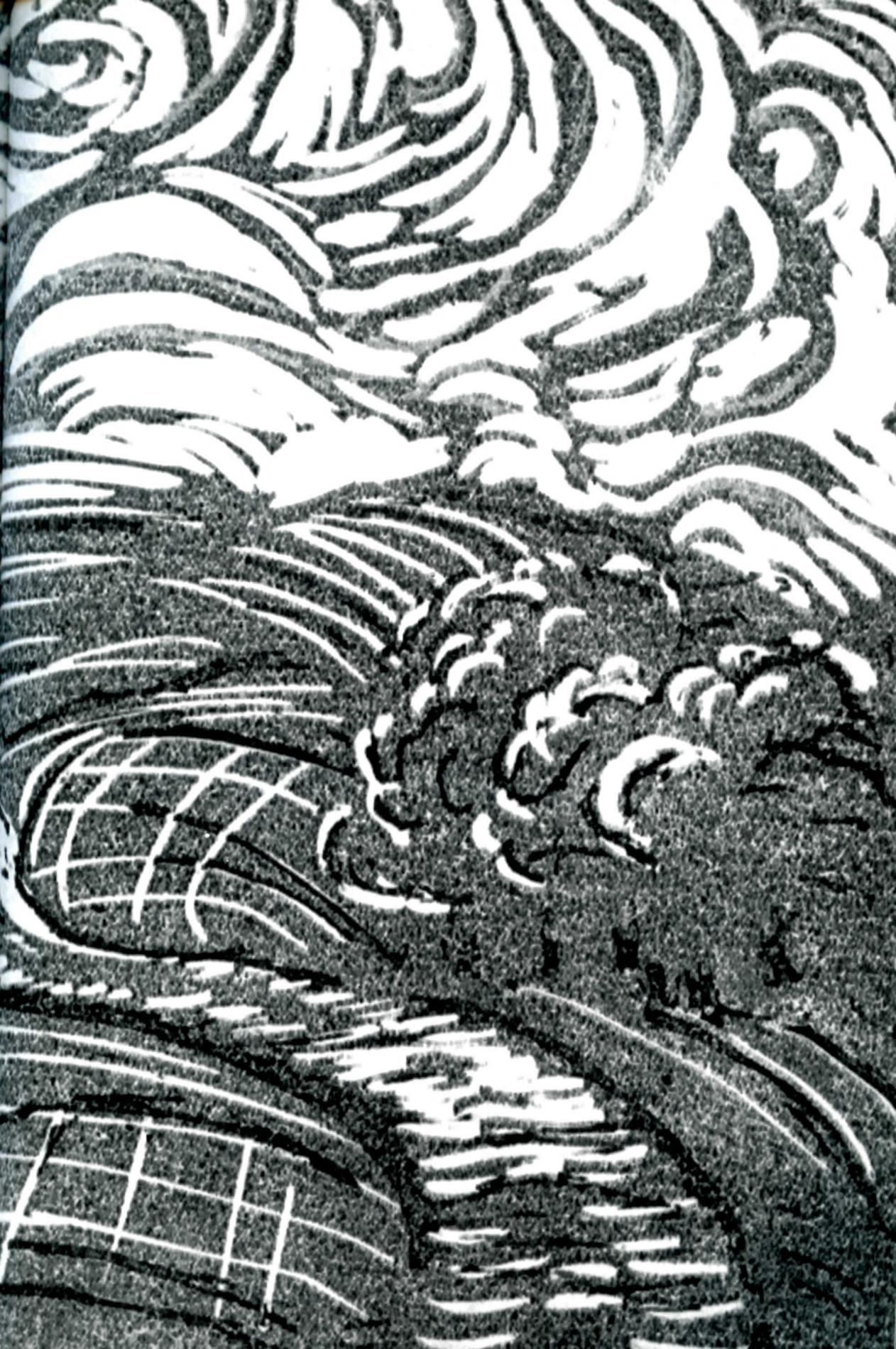
# A Grave Meaning

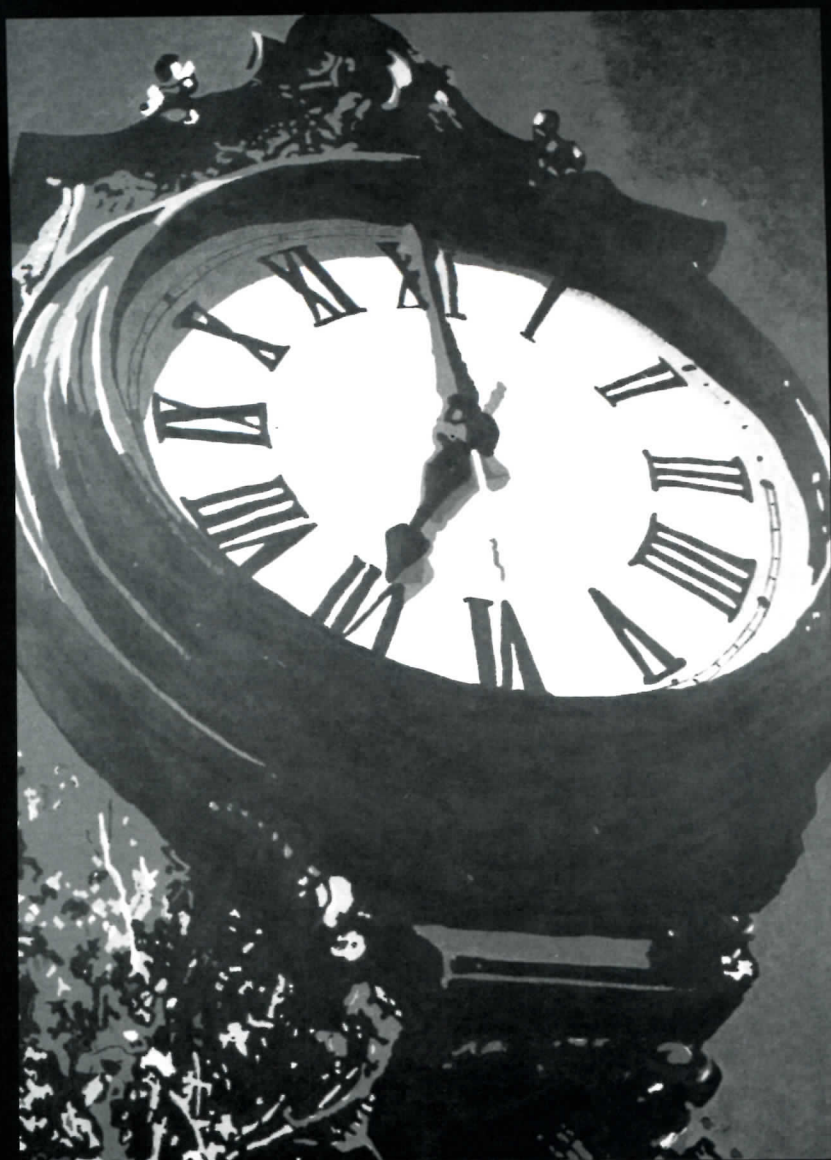
*James R. Payne*

Hello mother,  
Father,  
It's been a long time,  
People live,  
And they die everyday,  
But I continue... Forever,  
My pale lips sip,  
The Absinthe in desire,  
To bring the long awaited,  
Insanity,  
That lurks in my shadow,  
Around every corner,  
Behind every door,  
In expecting my  
destiny to unfold,  
In every battle,  
In every victory,  
Until my time has  
expired,  
Into the cold flames  
of hell,  
How can I grow colder,  
When I'm so dead  
inside.











## Everyday

*Pasco Rowe*

Woke up this morning with 80 grit eyelids feeling  
Groggy or at best discombobulated because earlier  
The American Revolution snuck into my room  
And the brave bugle boy blew revelry like a banshee,  
If only had my trusty six-shooter – anyways.

I negotiated another nine-minute reprieve until the next  
Ambush with the thrashing of my mighty fist demoting  
The bugler to basic training because his wailing resembled  
Nothing musical other than a piercing B-flat criminally played  
For all its worth over and over again.

Well, I received a court marshal by General Sandman for  
Behavior unbecoming my post and sentenced to surreal solitary  
Confinement with no possibility of pardon during the remainder  
Of the war because mutiny against the bugler is a punishable offense.  
My argument later centered on the legitimacy that B-flat was the  
wrong note.







## A Reflection

*Alisha Rosenthal*

Daddy with his full beard and mustache holding me between two over-sized couch pillows running from room to room stopping at every mirror to ask me, "Who's that baby in the mirror?" or telling me, "Get that baby."

Mother, curling iron in one hand, cigarette in the other, squinting her eyes at my reflection as she listens patiently to what happened at school yesterday—for the third time—before asking me, "Is that a hickey on your neck?"

My little sister putting on her bike helmet and knee pads getting ready for the "Cassie Olympics 1992." This is where she puts a crutch, stack of books, an ice chest, and a stool in a line across the living room to hurdle them. She says, "Everybody watch!"

Myself, as I cry for Mother to help me fix my hair for the first day of high school, homecoming, prom, cheerleading tryouts, dances, talent shows, scholarship interviews, asking (when I was finally ready), "Do I look stupid?"

The girls' basketball team and all of the cheerleaders as we stand in front of the locker room mirror primping for the game, discussing all of the "fine guys" we saw walking in the gym—"Can I borrow your lipstick?" "Will you curl the ends of my hair?"

My two best friends, Kari and Sara, one on each side of me in their bridesmaid dresses, all of us holding back tears as they help me fit my veil on my Shirley Temple curls. "Something old, something new..."

Mother stepping in to make sure we're ok with a look on her face that says, "I wish I could smoke right now." And Daddy coming in to tell my reflection how beautiful it is. Without looking him in the eyes (because I can't), I say, "Thank you Daddy."

My husband peeking around the corner this morning to see what I'm doing as I stand in front of the mirror looking. On his face I see a look of anxiety, nervousness, and question. I smile at his reflection and say, "Not this time."







## Blues Diety: Leon Russell

*Lilly Penhall*

Looking up to you  
old white cascades  
intense musical brilliance  
I wish I were you  
my dream alive  
of a life and a legend  
Is there one more superior  
making love to a keyboard  
as if she were Rita Coolege  
and she reproduced  
two child percussionists  
from the depths of her MIDI cables  
and you float above the rest of us  
who strive to taste your beard of snow  
where you hide your melodies  
which hide your love delta lady  
If you made a book  
I would color outside the lines  
just to prove my imagination  
to a god icon  
in a Hawaiian shirt  
walking with a cane  
up to a heaven of red and green lights  
where you inspire my open lips  
to breathe a verse  
nowhere similar to the  
southern gospel preached  
from your sheltered eyes  
If only I was your child  
a soft inaccessible Rita incarnate  
I might emanate some of your light  
your incredible  
blue virginity  
so pure and radiant  
such a talented deity  
only comes once in a thousand eternities.

## Apple Tree

*Alisha Rosenthal*

Unlike the apple tree that mocks the early spring  
With its fullness and beautiful white blooms,  
I am mocked by my own infertility. I have no  
Illuminative glow about me. I do not  
Stick out in the rain and muck like an innocent halo of prolificacy.

Unlike the apple tree that watches it blooms,  
Frozen by the ever unexpected final blast of winter air,  
Fall dead to the ground, I cannot handle the devastation  
Of losing what Mother Nature intended me to keep.

Unlike the apple tree whose roots  
Can withstand being immersed in that last fall of ice and snow,  
I freeze at the thought of having to live until spring when all else  
around me is fertile.

Unlike the apple tree, who can reproduce again and again,  
I am barren.

I am . . .

Unlike the apple tree.









## Thursday Afternoon

*Jayne Creelman*

You were with me in the  
shower  
again this afternoon  
carefully bearing old promises  
in the watery shadows.

I must stop thinking of you  
(it is sinful, I know)  
but somehow you always  
emerge  
as soap slicks my hips  
and moisture shimmers  
gold and new  
in our cool tomb.

Afterwards,  
when my fingers are white  
and my skin tight and dry  
I miss you  
and wonder what you  
would think,  
there at your 3 o'clock desk,  
if you knew that I was  
somewhere  
with your image in warm rain.

## **Transfor Mation**

*Jen Conmy*

Some people see me as innocent  
But others know better  
Children see me as an adult  
While adults think I'm yet a child  
And so, as this face on the wall,  
Her eyes just like mine,  
Stares back at me,  
I frown, not knowing that face at all.  
The face that looks like mine,  
Feels like mine, and moves like mine,  
I fear is not mine at all.  
Rather, a transformed me.  
Made up of all the opinions  
Of transformed faces  
Which study me,  
Just as I do them.











## Saying Names

*By Jayne Creelman*

The last time it  
happened was at Barnes  
and Noble right there  
next to a stack of  
Oprah's latest pick:  
*Soul Musings in Solitary  
Time in a House of  
Southern Dust and Angst.*

You stepped toward me  
laughing,  
*Well, well...*  
and even before you  
were in focus  
everything faded  
and all I felt  
and all I heard  
was the sound of  
your name  
moving from somewhere  
soft and untouched  
inside me.

*Hey, long time no....  
Fancy meeting you....  
You look.....  
Where's.....?*

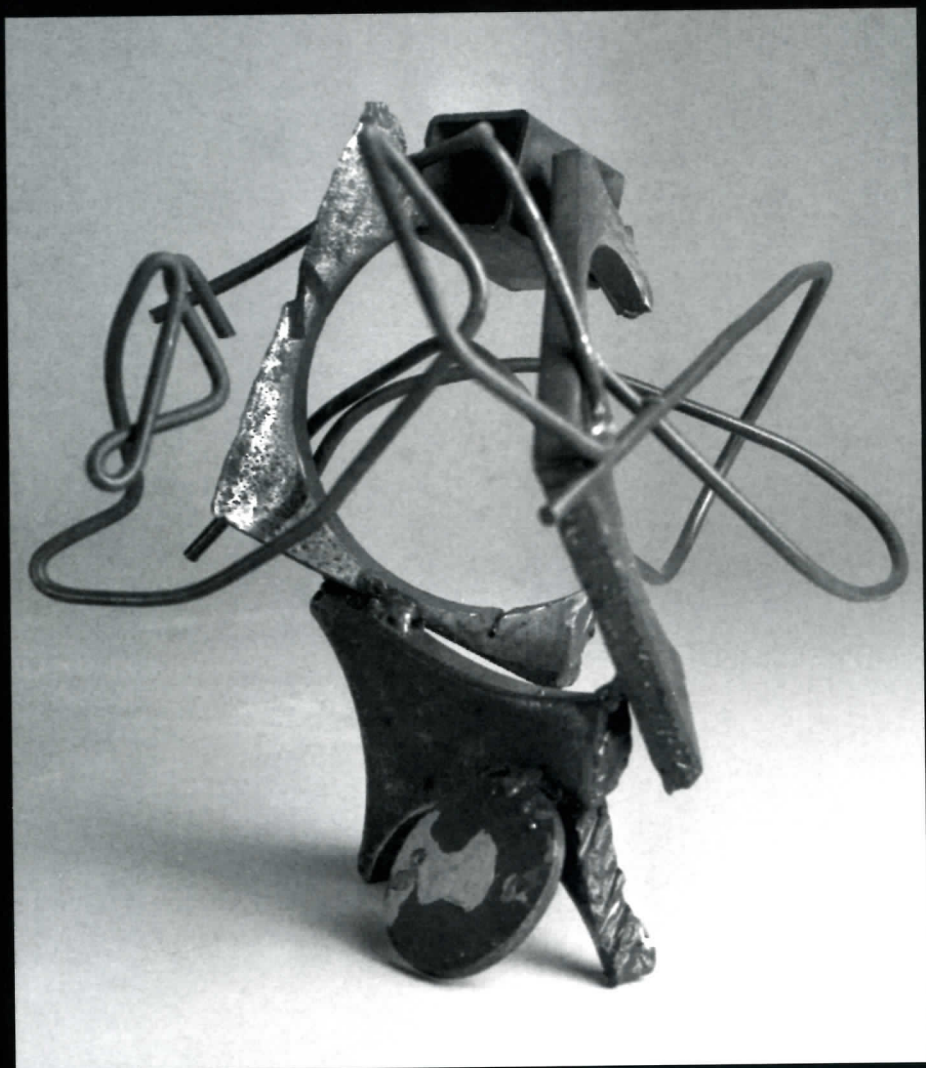
Small talk.  
Jibber-jabber.  
Pitter-patter.  
Tippy-toe.  
Tightrope.

Later that evening,  
as we dined together  
in the presence of our  
spouses,  
you said my name  
3 times,

...pass the salt  
...new hair cut  
...don't be a stranger

and each time you  
said it  
I remembered it  
as the very last time.





# The Rose

*Sherry Parker*

The Rose wilts on my table,  
So sweet was its smell,  
Smile as I reach out to touch,  
Red petals so soft and wonderful,  
The rose sits there waiting,  
For me to look upon it and watch it wilt.  
The process of the rose is to remind  
Me of who gave it to me.

It's temporary beauty, which fades.  
The petals go from bright red to dull red,  
They change in so many ways.  
I watch and even when I'm not looking  
They are changing, wilting,  
Dying as I watch and remember,  
Who gave them to me

This one perfect rose I watched, these petals  
Change, wilt, and fall, until the rose dies.  
Like love, it seems to me,  
Except love grows and the rose fades.  
How my heart feels this empty yet I know  
I love you and I want you.  
This eternal love won't die.

I watch you like the rose;  
You wilt in another way.  
Your heart strays.  
Helpless as I watch you walk away.

My mind goes blank.  
I know not what I say.  
All I know is that I love you.

Helpless as I watch the rose  
Unable to stop the wilting of the memory as it fades,  
You walk away  
Not enough time

## Shadow

*Pasco Rowe*

I walked up to the edge of the riverbank and sat down next to  
my shadow

Beside the shady sycamore and let my rusty coffee can of juicy  
worms rest.

The cane pole grandpa taught me to fish with also served as a  
tool of corrective discipline,

But today I put aside my youthful exuberance and settled my  
straw hat over my eyes to reflect.

I ran over the list of disastrous accomplishments that make great  
stories, but leave painful stings

As nature nurtured my soul when suddenly my shadow tapped  
me on the shoulder whispering,

Remember that time we rolled that big black broke bowling ball  
down the bank into the water?

The following interrogation ensued through two-inch particle-  
board. "Isn't that where you wanted it?"

My shadow don't know much, but he has his ways of getting me  
in on mischievous plans one

after the other that end up getting me chased to the brink of  
exhaustion with wide whelps

to encourage my mischievous mayhem to detour towards reform  
with painful stings as

constant reminders to look up the word "shenanigans."

My runny nose finally corked up and the cool earth anaesthetized  
my backside enough to venture out

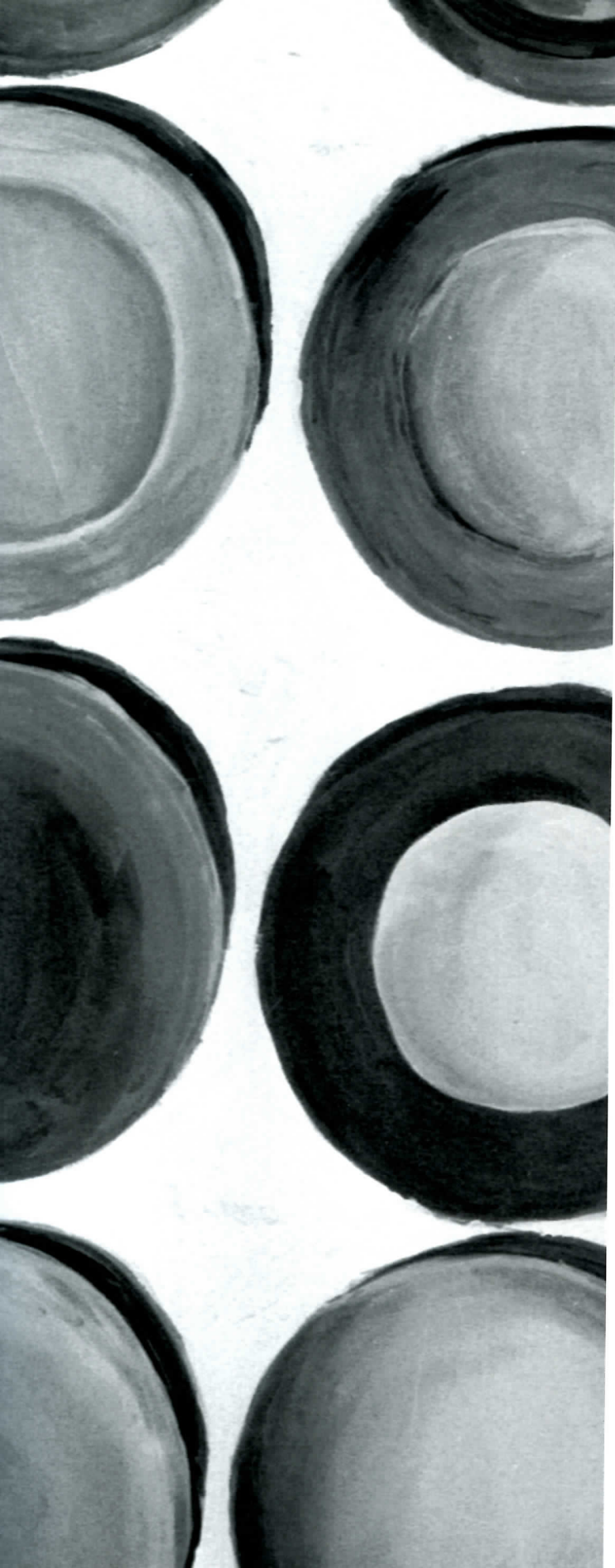
upstream, but the shady sycamore filtered out every urge and  
desire to wander from underneath the

peace and protection that separated me from mischief and my  
shadow. I usually wait till after dark

to go home on days like these, and everyone wonders why I  
never catch any fish.



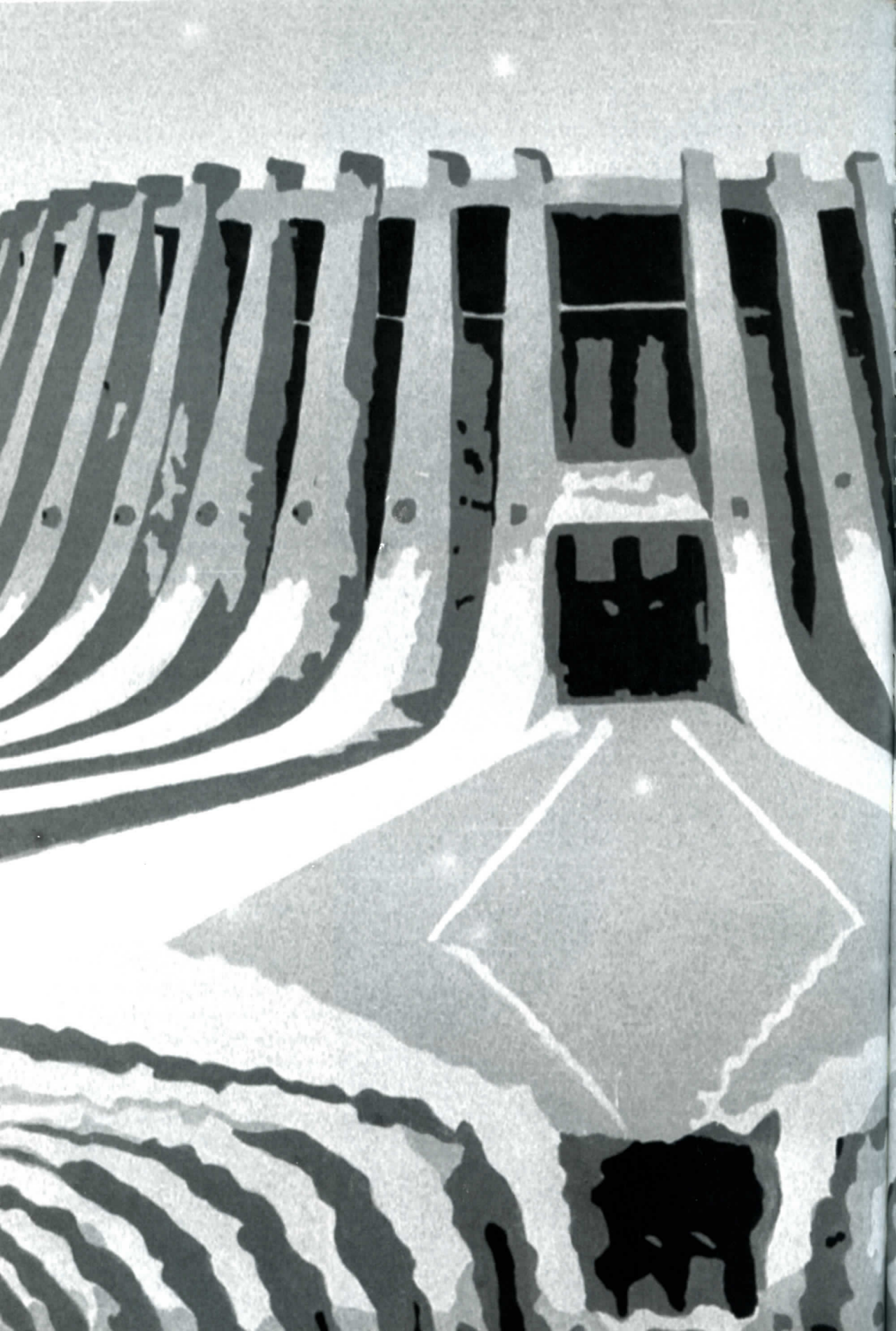




## **I Knew of Love**

*Kelly Schmidt*

I knew of love once a long  
time ago  
When my heart was  
inexperienced  
And my body didn't know  
My innocence was taken  
from me  
By a hand who locked  
the cage  
Revealing all his lies and faults  
A subject to his rage  
His love is never ending  
So a voice inside me said  
Even as he lied to me  
Wishing I was dead  
My soul cried out in agony  
As if turned to dust  
Weeping in sweet misery  
A prisoner to his lust  
My heart forever darkened  
My body couldn't flee  
As a slave held prisoner  
Never to be free.





## Goldwing

*Donna Atkins Gilbert  
For my Father*

I picture him silhouetted  
against Big Bend  
On his Honda Goldwing,  
listening to a rotation of CDs,  
Cat Stevens, Lucinda Williams  
and Rod Stewart,

Easily leaning into curves  
knowing mysteries  
Of winding roads and  
straight-away illusions;  
Now, skipping to the  
Beatles *One*

I gave him this year for  
Christmas.  
He's heading through  
Southwest Texas  
Because he wants to, because

After Japan, Europe, and  
tropical cruises  
Texas is his favorite place  
to travel:  
The land, the rivers, the ocean.

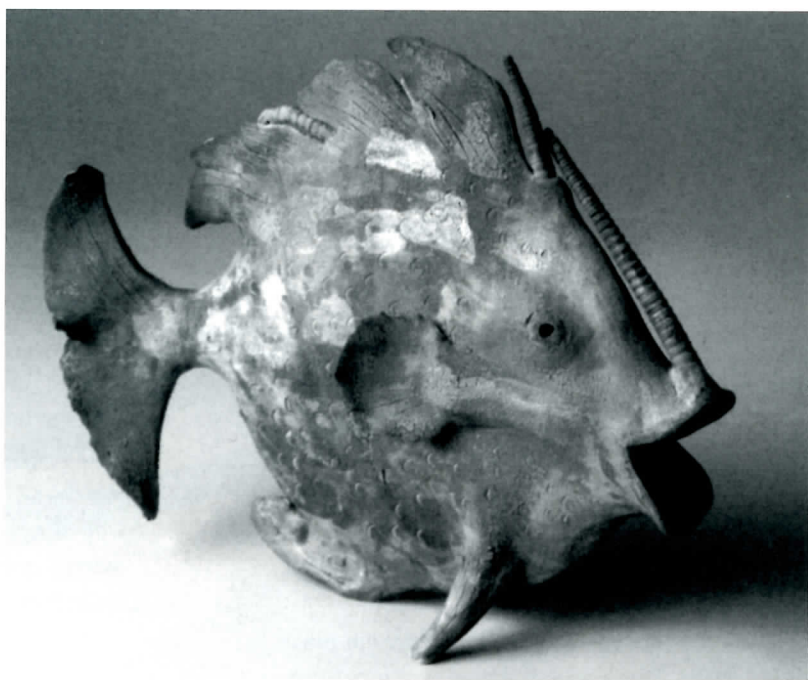
I see him as a child, a sage,  
and a brave explorer  
Speeding through homeland  
At once foreign and familiar;

I'm watching from somewhere  
up in the Hill Country,  
Hovering in a canopy of  
live oak and bald cypress,

As he turns his head toward  
the sunset  
On fire with orange, azure  
and purple  
And smiles;

I hear the hum of the motor,  
watch with a lump in  
my throat  
As he lifts his arms like  
wings, and the bike  
Carries him toward the coast.





## A Word Not Lost

Donna Atkins Gilbert

*In line today at Albertson's  
I heard a laughing man say  
it about your sister, your  
daughter and your first  
grade teacher with such  
enthusiasm and inflection it  
made me shudder beneath  
my milk carton. And*

*it is not lost on me*

The way you repeat it,  
Relish it, judging in sweeping  
Satirical filler or sardonic  
censure, such  
Dismissive humor. Whether  
Consciously, cavalierly,  
intending to  
freeze/shatter/splinter  
Or rising up from under a  
boiling, acrid  
Torrent of loathing, of  
antipathy

*it is not lost on me*

When women are crammed  
into decomposing body  
bags of  
Mary or Mary Magdalene,

Symbiotic symbols like lichen  
Enmeshed, resilient,  
dependent upon each other

*Just as*

Horace King's eyes are  
hooded with fire of  
intolerance from his own  
cruel childhood;

*Just as*

Aaron J. McKinney tied a  
Shepard to a fence in the  
country  
Whipped him with a pistol,  
left him to die with  
His blonde wisps like  
wings folding  
In the *scent of sagebrush*  
carried by *Wyoming wind*;

*Just as*

A man can hook up  
someone's granddad by  
chain to a pick-up bumper,  
drag him  
Till his skull pops open like  
a melon, his arms and  
legs shredded at the  
severed ends,  
Landing twisted in opposite  
ditches—

*it is not lost on me*  
And my sisters' motivations  
for love-making  
(whether she enjoyed it,  
with whom where when  
how often mounted  
Him ten times in-a-row,  
sweating, grinning,  
panting, and  
Taking names later or  
waited demure as  
any daisy)  
Are none of your affair  
*not* open for your comment,  
Relentlessly dipping into your  
repertoire of *refer-to-it-often*  
  
Hits—your little  
Black bag of epithets.

Just as I know justice, I'll  
stand and stare you down  
Until your weaknesses  
upend you  
Until you stop presenting to  
me the pimples on your  
naked ass  
Until you cease assaulting  
my senses, my sisters,  
The air we share, the world  
and me with whore.

## **In Your Presence I Know Your Love**

*George Henson*

What can I say that Michelangelo  
Has not already carved in marble,  
    Strong, sinuous musculature  
    Wrought out of stone,  
    Finessed with a master's hand,  
    Chiseled over time, and left  
    Unapologetically naked,  
    Giving birth to majestic form,  
In spite of the frailty of both stone and man,  
    Elevating a boy to the pantheon of  
    Renaissance gods,  
    More regal than popes or Ceasars,  
    More noble than princes or pontiffs?  
    What chapel ceiling could I paint,  
    Resplendent and majestic,  
Displaying holy hues of life and light,  
    The Creation of Adam  
    The innocence of man,  
    Pure and chaste,  
    Beneficent in God's eyes,  
    Absent mortality?  
    What sonnet could I write  
    That Petrarch,  
Enraptured by Laura's beauty,  
    Hasn't already penned?  
    How could I, in 14 lines,  
Through metaphor and simile,  
    Through meter and rhyme,

Describe your countenance  
In poetic eclipse?  
And if, as Petrarch claimed, the sun did pale,  
More beautiful are you still.  
What fault is it of Apollo  
If Cupid did mischievously strike him  
With golden arrow,  
So that he would love in vain,  
And wear a Laurel  
As a reminder of love's bitter sting?  
What manner of love would dare  
What monologue or soliloquy,  
As a token of noble pride,  
Hold love prisoner,  
Forever framed in arrogant vain glory?  
And if you had a heart  
Too soon made glad,  
More glad would I be  
To have you freely by my side.  
What silence could I imagine  
So intimate in its understanding,  
And delicate in its meaning,  
That Neruda has not already sung?  
So, I speak of you with a softness  
That love's quiet absence endures.  
In your absence, I sense your presence.  
In your silence, I hear your voice.  
In your distance, I feel your embrace.  
In your presence, I know your love.







## Medusa

*Jeanne Gomez*

Black eyes conceal all truth  
Who dare to look, for fear  
of turning to stone

Chaos falls about my face  
Hair made of snake ringlets

Sharp wit and sarcasm  
Forked tongue pierces  
the heart

Restless sleep  
Waiting in anticipation for  
my Perseus

## Contact

*Jayne Creelman*

In the calm following the impact  
she looked over at my husband  
and knew he was dead.

At least that's what she told me  
though I never asked her to explain.

I guess it was just one of the many things  
I didn't really want to know.

## Virgin De Guadalupe

*Jeanne Gomez*

My blessed child, I graciously come  
To you with prayerful hands.  
Tell me your sorrows;  
For your wounds will be healed.  
Sweet child, do not give up  
On hope, love, or faith.  
I am with you always. When  
You doubt, look to the roses.



## EL MAR

*Pablo Neruda*

Necesito del mar porque me enseña:  
no sé si aprendo musica o conciencia:  
no sé si es ola sola o ser profundo  
o sólo ronca voz o deslumbrante  
suposición de peces y navios.

El hecho es que hasta cuando estoy dormido  
de algún modo magnético circulo  
en la universidad del oleaje.

No son sólo las conchas trituradas  
como si algún planeta tembloroso  
participara paulatina muerte,  
no, del fragmento reconstruyo el día,  
de una racha de sal la estalactita  
y de una cucharada el dios inmenso.

Lo que antes me enseñó lo guardo! Es aire,  
incesante viento, agua y arena.

Parece poco para el hombre joven  
que aquí llegó a vivir con sus incendios,  
y sin embargo el pulso que subia  
y bajaba a su abismo,  
el frío del azul que crepitaba,  
el desmoronamiento de la estrella,  
el tierno desplegarse de la ola  
despitfarrando nieve con la espuma,  
el poder quieto, allí, determinado  
como un trono de piedra en lo profundo,  
sustituyó el recinto en que crecían  
risteza terca, amontonando olvido,  
y cambio bruscamente mi existencia:  
di mi adhesión al puro movimiento.

*Translation of Pablo Neruda's  
"El Mar" (The Sea)*

*Translated by Sean M. Brinkman &  
Patrick Sanchez*

I need of the sea because it teaches me:  
I don't know if I learn music or conscience:  
I don't know if it is a solo wave or a to-be  
profound Or a solo deep voice or dazzling  
Supposition of fish and transports.  
The fact is that until when I am asleep  
Of some circular magnetic made  
In the university of the waves.

They are not only the conches grinding  
As if some trembling planet  
Participates gradual death,  
No, of the fragment reconstructed day,  
Of a rush of salt stalagmite  
And of a grasp of an immense god.

Before it taught me to cherish it! It is air,  
Incessant wind, water, and sand.  
Seem a little for the young man  
That here arrived to live with his fires,  
And however the pulse would rise  
And lower to his plunge,  
The cold of blue that crept,  
The crumbling of the star,  
The fresh opening up of the wave  
Squandering snow with the  
Quiet power, there, determined  
Like a thunder of stone in the deep  
Sad, tough, piling forgetfulness,  
And it changed my existence rudely;  
I gave adherence to the pure movement.

